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THE LIFE AND Genuine Character OF Doctor SWIFT.

K.

Written by Himself.

LONDON:
Printed for J. ROBERTS in *Warwick-Lane*, and Sold at the Pamphlet Shops, &c. 1733.
(*Price One Shilling.*)

Doctor SMILE

ODER

Gesunde Spitzen

UND

FILE

DER

To the READER.

THIS Poetical Account *of the* Life *and* Character *of the Reverend* Dean SWIFT, *ſo celebrated through the World for his many* Ingenious Writings, *was occaſioned by a* Maxim *of* Rochefoucault: *and is now publiſhed from the* Author's laſt corrected Copy, *being Dedicated by the* Publiſher, *To* ALEXANDER POPE, *of* Twickenham, *Eſq*;

TO

Alexander Pope, *Esq*;

OF

Twickenham in the County of *Middlesex*.

AS You have been long an *intimate Friend* of the *Author* of the following *Poem*, I thought you would not be displeased with being informed of some Particulars, how *he* came to write it, and how *I*, very innocently, procured a *Copy*.

It seems the D--n, in conversation with some *Friends*, said, he could guess the discourse of the World concerning his *Character* after his Death, and thought it might be no improper *Subject* for a *Poem*. This happened above a Year before he finished it; for it was written by small pieces, just as *Leisure* or *Humour* allowed him.

He shewed some Parts of it to *several Friends*, and when it was compleated, he seldom refused the sight of it to any *Visiter*: So that, probably, it has been perused by *fifty Persons*; which, being against his *usual Practice*, many People judged, likely enough, that he had a

desire

deſire to make the People of *Dublin* impatient to ſee it *publiſhed*, and at the ſame time reſolved to *diſappoint* them; For, he never would be prevailed on to grant a *Copy*, and yet ſeveral Lines were *retained* by *Memory*, and are often repeated in *Dublin*.

It is thought, that one of his *Servants* in whom he had great *confidence*, and who had acceſs to his *Cloſet*, took an opportunity, while his *Maſter* was riding ſome miles out of town, to *tranſcribe* the whole *Poem*: and it is probable, that the *Servant* lent it to *others*, who were not *truſty* (as it is generally the caſe). By this accident, I, having got a very *correct Copy* from a *Friend* in *Dublin*, lye under no obligation to conceal it.

I have ſhewn it to very *good Judges*, and *Friends* of the *Dean*, (if I may venture to ſay ſo to You, who are ſuch a *Superior Judge* and *Poet*), who are well acquainted with the *Author*'s Stile, and Manner, and they all allow it to be *Genuine*, as well as perfectly *finiſhed* and *correct*; his particular *Genius* appearing in every Line, together with his *peculiar* way of *thinking* and *writing*.

I ſhould be very ſorry to offend the *Dean*, altho' I am a perfect Stranger to his *Perſon*: But ſince the *Poem* will infallibly be ſoon printed, either *here*, or in *Dublin*, I take my ſelf to have the beſt *title* to ſend it to the *Preſs*; and I ſhall direct the *Printer* to commit as few *errors* as poſſible.

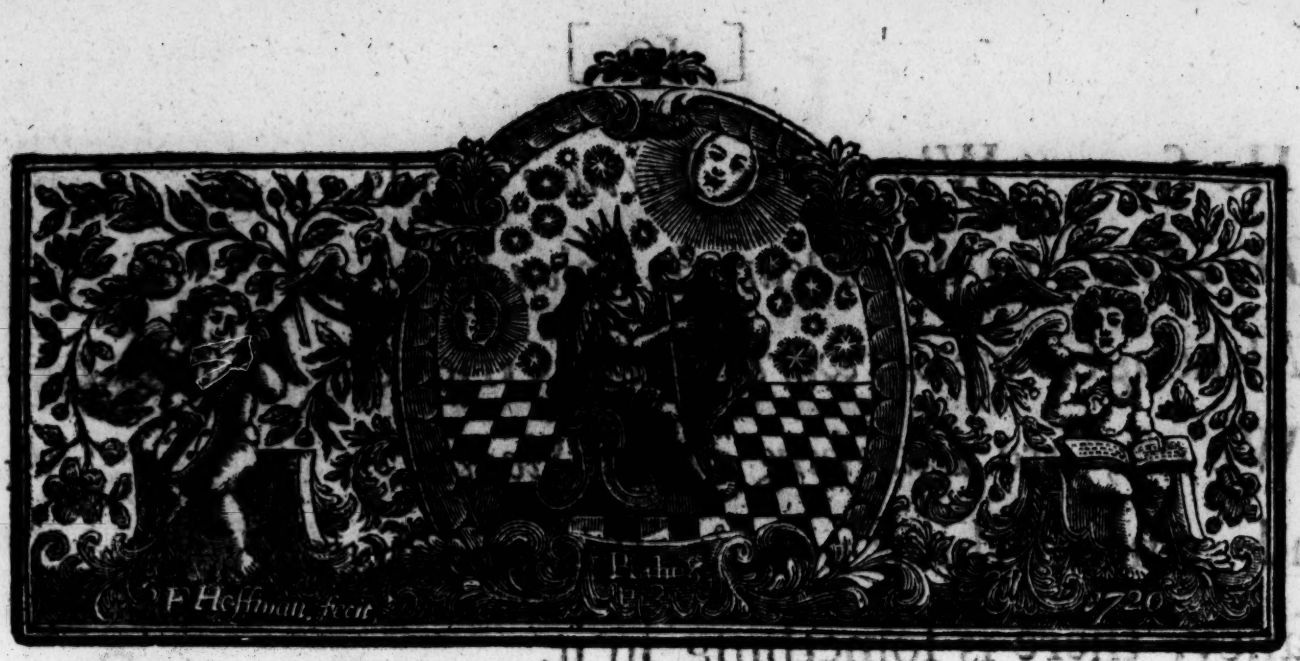
I am, SIR, *with the greateſt reſpect*,

Your moſt Obedient and

moſt Humble Servant,

From my Chambers
in the Inner Temple,
Lond. Apr. 1. 1733.

L. M.



THE LIFE and CHARACTER OF Dean SWIFT.

Upon a *Maxim* in *Rochefoucault.*

WISE *Rochefoucault* a *Maxim* writ,
Made up of *Malice*, *Truth*, and *Wit*:
If, what he ſays be not a *Joke*,
We *Mortals* are ſtrange kind of *Folk*.
But hold ---: before we farther go,
'Tis fit the *Maxim* we ſhould know.

He fays, " Whenever *Fortune* fends
" *Diſaſters*, to our *Deareſt Friends*,
" Although, we *outwardly* may Grieve,
" We oft, are *Laughing in our Sleeve.*
And, when I think upon't, this minute,
I fancy, there is fomething in it.

We ſee a *Comrade* get a fall,
Yet *laugh* our hearts out, *one* and *all.*

Tom for a *wealthy Wife* looks round,
A *Nymph*, that brings *ten thouſand* Pound:
He no where could have better pick'd;
A *Rival* comes, and *Tom* — is nick'd —.
See, how behave his *Friends* profeſt,
They turn the *Matter* to a *Jeſt*;
Loll out their Tongues, and, thus they talk,
Poor Tom has got a plaguy baulk —!

I could give Inſtances Enough,
That *Human Friendſhip* is but *Stuff.*
Whene'er a *flatt'ring Puppy* cries
You are his *Deareſt Friend* —; he *lyes* —:

To

To lose a *Guinea* at *Picquet*,
Wou'd make him *rage*, and *storm*, and *fret*,
Bring from his Heart *sincerer* Groans,
Than if he heard you *broke your Bones.*

Come, tell me truly, wou'd you take well,
Suppose your *Friend* and *You*, were *Equal*,
To see him always *foremost* stand,
Affect to take the *upper hand*,
And strive to pass, in *publick* view,
For much a *better Man* than *You*?
Envy, I doubt, wou'd pow'rful prove,
And get the *better* of your *Love*;
'Twou'd please your Palate, *like a feast*,
To see him *mortify'd* at least---.

'Tis true; we talk of *Friendship* much,
But, who are they that can *keep touch* --- ?
True *Friendship* in two breasts requires
The same *Aversions*, and *Desires*;
My *Friend* should have, when I complain,
A *Fellow-feeling* of my *Pain.*

Yet

Yet, by *Experience*, oft we find,
Our *Friends* are of a *diff'rent* mind;
And, were I tortur'd with the *Gout*,
They'd *laugh*, to ſee me make a *rout*,
Glad, that themſelves cou'd *walk* about.

Let me ſuppoſe, two ſpecial Friends,
And, each to *Poetry* pretends:
Wou'd either *Poet* take it well,
To hear, the other *bore the Bell*—?
His *Rival*, for the *Cheſeſt* reckon'd,
Himſelf, paſs only for the *Second*—?

When you are *Sick*, your *Friends*, you ſay,
Will ſend their *Howd'ye's* ev'ry day:
Alas! that gives you ſmall relief—!
They ſend for *Manners*—; not for *Grief*—:
Nor if you dy'd, wou'd fail to go
That Ev'ning to a *Puppet-Show*—:
Yet, come in time to *ſhew* their *Loves*,
And get a *Hatband*, *Scarf*, and *Gloves*.

To make theſe *Truths* the better known,
Let me ſuppoſe the *Caſe* my *own.*

The Day will come, when't ſhall be ſaid,
" D'ye hear the *News*---? the *Dean* is dead---!
" *Poor Man!* he went, all on a ſudden---!
H'as drop'd, and *giv'n the Crow a Pudden!*
What *Money* was behind him found?
" I hear about *two thouſand* Pound---.
" 'Tis own'd he was a *Man* of *Wit*---,
Yet many a *fooliſh thing* he writ---;
" And, ſure he muſt be *deeply* learn'd---!
That's more than ever I diſcern'd---;
" I know his *neareſt Friends* complain,
" He was too *airy* for a *Dean*---.
" He was an *honeſt man* I'll ſwear---:
Why Sir, I differ from you there,
For, I have heard another Story,
He was a moſt *confounded Tory*---!
" Yet here we had a ſtrong report,
" That he was *well-receiv'd* at *Court*---.
Why, then it was, I do aſſert,
Their *Goodneſs*, more than his *Deſert*---.

He grew, or elſe his *Comrades* ly'd,
Confounded *Dull*---, before he Dy'd—.

He hop'd to have a *Lucky Hit*,
Some *Medals* ſent him for his *Wit*;
But, truly there the *Dean* was bit—.
" And yet, I think, for all your *Jokes*,
" His *Claim* as good as other *Folks*—.

" Muſt we the *Drapier* then forget?
" Is not our *Nation* in his Debt?
" 'Twas he that writ the *Drapier's Letters*—!
He ſhou'd have left them for his *Betters*;
We had a Hundred *abler Men*,
Nor need *depend* upon his *Pen*—.
Say what you will about his *reading*,
You never can *defend* his *Breeding*!
Who, in his *Satyrs* running riot,
Cou'd never leave the *World* in *quiet* —;
Attacking, when he took the *Whim*,
Court, *City*, *Camp*, all one to him —.

But

But, why wou'd he, except he *ſlobber'd*,
Offend our *Patriot*, Great Sir *R*-----,
Whoſe *Councils* aid the Sov'reign Pow'r,
To *ſave* the *Nation* ev'ry hour?
What *Scenes* of Evil he unravels,
In *Satyrs*, *Libels*, *Lying Travels!*
Not ſparing his own *Clergy-Cloth*,
But, *eats* into it, like a *Moth* --!

" If he makes *Mankind* bad as *Elves*,
" I anſwer, they may thank themſelves;
" If *Vice* can ever be abaſh'd,
" It muſt be *Ridicul'd*, or *Laſh'd*.
But, if I chance to make a *ſlip*,
What right had he to hold the *Whip*?

" If you *reſent* it, who's to blame?
" He neither knew *you*, nor your *Name*;
" Shou'd *Vice* expect to 'ſcape rebuke,
" Becauſe its *Owner* is a *Duke*?
" *Vice* is a *Vermin*; *Sportſmen* ſay
" No *Vermin* can demand *fair Play*,
" But, ev'ry Hand may juſtly ſlay.

I envy not the *Wits*, who write
Meerly to *gratify* their *Spight*;
Thus did the *Dean*: his only ſcope
Was, to be held a *Miſanthrope*.
This into gen'ral *Odium* drew him,
Which if he lik'd, *much good may do him:*
This gave him *Enemies* in plenty,
Throughout *two Realms* nineteen in twenty:
His *Zeal* was not to laſh our *Crimes*,
But, *Diſcontent* againſt the Times;
For, had We made him *timely* Offers,
To *raiſe* his *Poſt*, or *fill* his *Coffers*,
Perhaps he might have truckled down,
Like other *Brethren* of his *Gown*,
For *Party* he would ſcarce have Bled ---:
I ſay no more ---, becauſe he's *dead* ---.

" But who cou'd charge him, to his face,
" That e'er he *cring'd* to *Men* in *Place*?
" His *Principles*, of antient date,
" Ill ſuit with thoſe profeſs'd of late:
" The *Pope*, or *Calvin* he'd oppoſe,
" And thought they *Both* were *equal* Foes:

" That

" That *Church* and *State* had ſuffer'd more
" By *Calvin*, than the *Scarlet Whore*:
" Thought *Popiſh* and *Fanatick Zeal*,
" *Both bitter* Foes to *Britain*'s Weal.
" The *Pope* would of our *Faith* bereave us,
" But, ſtill our *Monarchy* wou'd leave us ---.
" Not ſo, the vile *Fanatick Crew*;
" That Ruin'd *Church* and *Monarch* too.

" Suppoſing theſe Reflections juſt;
" We ſhou'd indulge the *Dean*'s diſguſt,
" Who ſaw this *Factious Tribe* careſs'd,
" And *Lovers* of the *Church* diſtreſs'd ---:
" The *Patrons* of *the good old Cauſe*,
" In *Senates* ſit, at making Laws;
" The moſt *malignant* of the *Herd*,
" In ſureſt way to be preferr'd ---;
" And *Preachers*, find the better *quarter*,
" For *railing* at the *Royal Martyr*.

" Whole Swarms of *Sects*, with grief, he ſaw
" More favour'd, than the *Church by Law*:

" Thought *Proteſtant* too Good a Name
" For *canting Hypocrites* to claim,
" Whoſe *Proteſtation* hides a *Sting*
" Deſtructive to the *Church and King*:
" Which might as well, in his opinion,
" Become an *Atheiſt*, or *Socinian*.

" A *Proteſtant*'s a ſpecial *Clinker*;
" It ſerves for *Sceptick*, and *Free-thinker*,
" It ſerves for *Stubble*, *Hay*, and *Wood*,
" For ev'ry thing ---, *but what it ſhould*.

What *Writings* has he left behind ---
" I hear, they're of a diff'rent kind:
" A few, in *Verſe*; but moſt, in Proſe ---.
Some *high-flown Pamphlets*, I ſuppoſe ---:
All ſcribbled in the *worſt* of *times*,
To *palliate* his Friend *Oxford*'s Crimes,
To praiſe Queen *Anne*, nay more, defend her,
As never fav'ring the *Pretender* ---:
Or *Libels* yet conceal'd from ſight ---,
Againſt the *Court* to ſhew his *Spight* ---.

Per-

Perhaps, his *Travels, Part the Third*;
A *Lye*, at ev'ry *ſecond* word:
Offenſive to a *Loyal* Ear ---:
But---*not one Sermon*, you may *ſwear*—.

" *Sir*, our *Accounts* are diff'rent quite,
" And your *Conjectures* are not right;
" 'Tis plain, his Writings were deſign'd
" To *pleaſe*, and to *reform* Mankind;
" And, if he often miſs'd his Aim,
" The *World* muſt own it, to their *Shame*;
" The *Praiſe* is *His*, and *Theirs* the *Blame*.

" Then, ſince you *dread* no further *Laſhes*,
" You freely may *forgive his Aſhes*.

F I N I S.

Perhaps, his Travels, Part the Third;
A Lye, at ev'ry Second word:
Offenlive to a Loyal Ear —:
But — not one Sermon, You may fwear —.

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" And, if he often miſs'd his Aim,
" The World muſt own it to their Shame;
" The Fault is His, and Their's the Blame.

" Then, ſince you dread no further Laſhes,
" You freely may forgive his Aſhes.

FINIS.